

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal,---Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 2.

AMOS SMITH, JR.,
Editor.

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The Gallaudet Guide,

AND

DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

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"THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION
OF DEAF MUTES."

Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in
particular, but designed to contribute to the
information of all.

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Forbear.

Forbear, when'er an unjust taunt
Shall quickly flash thine eye,
And flush thy cheek with swift desire
To give some sharp reply.

Forbear! wrath only kindles wrath,
And stirs up passion's fire;
While answering softly mildly tends
To check the bitterest ire.

Forbear; though some well-meaning friend
Perchance with good intent,
Should roughly crush some sanguine hope,
Or brilliant plan prevent.

Forbear; their wisdom may be far
Superior to thine own;
They may have built some castles, too,
And seen them overthrown.

Forbear, when sickness claims thy care,
And murmuring accents prove,
Breathing, complaining, fretful tones,
Sad trials to thy love.

Forbear; thou knowest not how keen
The pain which seeks to find
Relief in feverish words, and yet
Means not to be unkind.

Forbear, when childhood's noisy mirth
Distracts thy throbbing brain;
Which, pressed with many anxious cares,
Seems bursting with its pain.

Forbear; O do not wound their hearts
Because thine is oppressed,
By careless or impatient tones,
When they would be caressed.

Forbear; I know 't will cause a pang,
And many a fervent prayer,
And mighty effort, ere thou learn
In all things to forbear.

A couple of old toppers in some way
got into a quarrel, and, for some time,
hurled all the approved blackguardism
of the pothouse at each other, when one
of them, determining to extinguish the
other immediately, exclaimed, "Go, I
have no more to say. I scorn you as I
do a glass of water."

A minister had a quarrel with one of
his parishioners by the name of Hardy,
who showed considerable resentment.
On the succeeding Sunday the divine
preached from the following text, which
he pronounced with great emphasis, and
with a significant look at Hardy, who
was present:—"There is no fool like the
fool-Hardy."

Too Green for Comfort.

The Cincinnati Enquirer tells the following story: "Day before yesterday a trio of newly married couples from the interior of Kentucky, arrived at the Burnet House and took apartments for the night at that well ordered hotel. It was quite evident that the whole party were unfamiliar with metropolitan sights. The rooms, corridors, marble floor, gorgeous drawing room and well spread table of the hotel, drew from them the most ingenious remarks of surprise. In the evening they visited the opera-house and were so astonished by its magnificence, that even Mrs. Waller's wonderful impersonation of Meg Merillies almost failed to interest them. Nothing more was thought of the verdant trio till about 1 o'clock yesterday morning, at which time the boot black of the Burnet House, in making his customary rounds, observed one of the bucolic Bedelicks seated in the hall near the door of his room. He naively asked the polisher of the understanding if he was the clerk. Receiving a negative answer, he informed the boot black that he should like to see that individual. In a few moments one of the attentive office men was at his side and politely asked what was needed.

"Couldn't you make me a bed in the parlor?" cried the disconsolate individual.

"In the parlor," echoed the clerk. "I am afraid not."

"Wall, I'd like to have one spread down some 'eres."

"Why don't you go into your own room?" asked the clerk.

"I don't like to," said the bashful young man.

"Why, what's the matter?" continued the clerk. "Has your wife turned you out of your room?"

"No," said he, drawing, "but you see I've never been married before, and so I don't much like to go in, particularly in a strange place."

"O, go right in," said the clerk, "she won't think it at all wrong."

Here the door of his room opened about an inch, and through the aperture came a voice, coaxingly saying:

"O, come in, John. I won't hurt you. I know'd they'd think strange of yer standing out there. Come in now, won't yer? I've blow'd out the gas and its all dark in here."

The odor of the room had assured the clerk that she had indeed 'blow'd out the gas,' so pushing open the door he stopped the flow, raised a window and returned to the hall to persuade the verdant husband to retire with his wife. All arguments were fruitless, however, and he was compelled to assign the simple individual a separate room from that his wife was in for that night.

"My love, said Boyle to his wife, "why is a Laplander like an umbrella maker? D'ye give it up?" "Cause he derives his support from the rein deer."

"Try another," said our chief, as he threw himself on the sofa. "Why is your tired husband like an umbrella?"

"Because he protects me from the elements, my love."

"Not a bit of it darling; but because he is used up."

A lawyer engaged in a case, tormented a witness so much with questions, that the poor fellow at last cried for water. "There," said the judge, "I thought you'd pump him dry."

HOMILY IN VERSE.

BY REV. DR. FROTHINGHAM.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—[Eccles. xi.—i.]

I.
Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Food for Penury's sons and daughters,
Nor on its crowning crumbs mistrustful gaze,
For thou shalt find it after many days.

Sail thine aid across the billows
For famished mouths and fevered pillows;
Then watch it back over those streetless ways,
For thou shalt find it after many days.

Sink thy corn within the furrow
Of labor faithful, patience thorough,
And trust it to great Nature's drops and rays,
For thou shalt find it after many days.

Fix Life's purpose steady; never
Turn thee from its keen endeavor;
The prize is reached through baffles and delays,
And thou shalt find it after many days.

II.
Not the aid which thou bestowest,
Not the very seed thou sowest;
Not just the prize thy dotting heart portrays;
Thou wilt not find these after many days.

Nobler stores and growths and prizes
Lie in what the soul devises,
For this had spheres that show no waning phase,
No down dependence on these mortal days.

Grave from Fortune no indenture,
Boldly on, and venture, venture,
Whose scants his pains and risks for heavenly praise
Finds naught but pains and losses all his days.

Trust! Let not weak expectation
Take the place of that strong station.
The peace that's free from this world's hurt and craze,
Thou'lt find above, where there are no more days.

OBJECTION TO A LARGE SALARY.—Ministers in our day rarely object to a large salary, but we find in an exchange a capital story of an old Connecticut pastor, who declined it for substantial reasons.

His country parish raised his salary from three hundred to four hundred dollars. The good man objected, for three reasons.

"First," said he, "because you can't afford to give more than three hundred."

"Second, because my preaching isn't worth more than that."

"Third, because I have to collect my salary, which, heretofore, has been the hardest part of my labors among you. If I have to collect an additional hundred it will kill me."

JUDICIAL INTEGRITY.—Judge Sewall, who died in 1760, went one day into a hatter's shop, in order to purchase a pair of second hand brushes for cleaning his shoes. The master of the shop presented him with a couple.

"What is your price?" said the Judge.

"If they will answer your purpose," replied the other, "you may have them and welcome."

The Judge, upon hearing this, laid them down, and bowing, was leaving the shop; upon which the latter said to him, "Pray, sir, your honor has forgotten the principal object of your visit."

"By no means," answered the Judge;

"if you please to set a price, I am ready to purchase; but ever since it has fallen to my lot to occupy a seat on the bench, I have studiously avoided receiving to the value of a single copper, lest, at some future period of my life, it might have some kind of influence in determining my judgment."

DR. FRANKLIN'S WIFE.

Franklin, in his sketch of his life and habits, relates the following anecdote of a frugal wife. A woman could scarcely make a prettier apology for purchasing the first piece of luxury.

"It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, &c. We kept no idle servants; our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest sort. For instance, my breakfast for a long time was bread and milk, (no tea) and I ate it out of a two-penny porringer with a wooden spoon; but mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle; being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge, by my wife, and had cost the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings, for which extravagance, she said, she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon as well as any of her neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate or china in our house, which afterwards in the course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value."

[From the Boston Transcript.]

THE ABUSE OF SALT ON SIDEWALKS.

The uses of salt are legion; without salt life were without flavor; and even the patient Job hath said, "can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt? or is there any taste in the white of an egg?" Seek also quotations from Peter and James. Salt becomes a terrible engine of punishment among the convicts in Holland, since the deprivation of it for any length of time causes intense agony and acute disorders. Salt is the type of oriental hospitality, the synonym of wit and raciness of conversation, and Cicero says—

Sal et facilius Caesar vicit omnes.

It likewise becomes a curative, as at St. Catherine's, and is still prescribed—mixed in an ocean, by way of a sea voyage, by hard-hearted uncles, as a good regimen for the over-exuberant spirits of harum scarum nephews.

Salt, the Latin Sal, gives us one of the most piquant and charming names for sweethearts and wives; and if any one who reads this has not one of these, or a spinster aunt, or better still, a cousin named Sal-ly, we profoundly pity him. We characterize a genuine son of Neptune, as a "true salt," or an "old salt." How much more significant than the term commonly applied to meritorious landsmen—brick! Brick has no such history as salt, nor has played so important a part in the world's history. Bricks without straw are no longer a novelty; and though they are spoken of in Egyptian history, we are not aware that Cheops, the monster pyramid, is built of them, though in our day chops are often demolished by them. Salt is still standing in her dignified niche in biblical, profane, and literary history, but alas! today seems to threaten this good friend of man, with base and dangerous uses at last. We propose to call attention to this in time. Salt and bricks should be divorced. Salt is as improperly under foot as a brick in one's hat. The landsman and the seaman act best in separate spheres.

The use of salt on sidewalks to melt the ice is, we are credibly informed, forbidden in New York, and why? Without going into the scientific details of the matter, suffice it to say, that salt mixed with snow or ice, evolves a degree of cold 30 degrees below the freezing point, as we see stated. If this were not so, farewell, I fear, to ice creams and champagne frappe. If therefore, the use of salt, for the purpose I deprecate, becomes general on our sidewalks in winter, we shall have men and women, instead of creams and champagne frappe struck with a death chill which penetrates to the very marrow of the bones, and becomes a pregnant source of diphtheria and consumption.

True, that after years of talk and battle, young men and women are more careful of their feet, and are at last, thank God, made to feel this is the primary consideration in the health of the individual.

Without such care, you might as well expect the statue of precious old Carlo Borromeo at the head of Lago Maggiore in whose head alone seven men can stand, to rest on feet of clay. If the feet are not well protected, my daintily shod young lady and gentleman, the feet of both of you are within the grave—a harsh word but true.

With the known recklessness and carelessness of our nation as to their feet, how important to forego this dangerous and fatal use of salt. We would suggest that a city ordinance be passed to meet this evil. City ordinances, are not, it is true, very strong preventives or curatives; still a little mild correction is better than none.

Yes, gentle reader, salt in your soup on your board, when, as the ancient hath it,

Leporem quendam et salem consequi;

dare we add, as a sideways lesson, also:

Tectum plus salis quam sumptus.

Salt in your conversation; salt as a suggestive to flavor the routine of life with good deeds, kindly words, and gentle charities; but no salt on your sidewalks, if only to please your UNCLE.

DON'T GET DISCOURAGED.

Don't get discouraged! Who ever gained anything by drawing down the corners of his mouth when a cloud came over the sun, or letting his heart drop like a lead weight into his shoes when misfortune come upon him? Why, man, if the world knocks you down and jostles past you in its great race, don't sit whining under people's feet, but get up, rub your elbows, and begin again. There are some people whom, even to look at, is worse than a dose of calomel tea. What if you do happen to be a little puzzled on the dollar and cent question? others beside you have stood in exactly the same spot, and struggled bravely out of it, and you are neither halt, lame nor blind, that you cannot do otherwise. The weather may be dark and rainy—very well—laugh between the drops and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow. Business may be dull, make the best of what you have, and look forward to something more hopeful. If you catch a fall, don't lament over your bruises, but be thankful that no bones are broken. If you can't afford roast beef and plum pudding, eat your cod-fish joyfully, and bless your God for the indigestion and dyspepsia you have thereby escaped. The luckiest fellow

that ever lived might have woes enough if he set himself seriously to work looking them up. They are like invisible specks of dust; you don't see them till you put on your spectacles. But then, is it worth while to put on your spectacles to discover what is a great deal better let alone?

Don't get discouraged, little wife? Life is not long enough to spend in inflaming your eyes and reddening your nose because the pudding won't bake, and your husband says the new shirts you worked over so long, "set like meal bags." Make another pudding—begin the shirts anew! Don't feel "down in the mouth" because dust will settle and clothes will wear out, and crockery will get broken. Being a woman don't procure you an exemption from trouble and care; you have got to fight the battle of life as well as your husband, and it will never do to give up without a bold struggle. Take things as they come, good and bad together, and whenever you feel inclined to cry, just change your mind and laugh! Keep the horrors at arm's length. Never turn a blessing round to see if it has got a dark side to it, and always take it for granted that things are blessings, until they prove to be something else.

Never allow yourself to get discouraged, and you'll find the world a pretty comfortable sort of a place after all.

[Life Illustrated.]

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.—We like short courtships, and in this Adam acted like a sensible man. He fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appeared to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting Md'le Eve, and she, without any flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of this first kiss in this world, we have had, however, our thoughts, and sometimes in a political mood have wished we were the man 'twot did it.' But the deed is done. The chance was Adam's and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden. It is in good taste. We like a private wedding. Adam's was private. No envious beaux were there; no croaking old maids; no chattering aunts and grumbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light upon the scene. One thing about the wedding brings queer thoughts to us, spite of scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to be married—some two or three days old, according to the—sagacious speculations of theologians—mere babies—larger, but no older, without experience, without a house, without a pot or a kettle, nothing—but love and Eden!

[Tadpole's Experiences.]

"My son," said an affectionate mother to her son, who resided at a distance and expected, in a short time to be married, "you are getting thin."

"Yes, mother," he replied, "I am; when I come next I expect you may see my rib."

A western editor, wished to induce a farmer to subscribe to his paper, but his objection was that it was not an agricultural sheet. The editor declared it was, and, in proof, exhibited an article on "Sowing Wild Oats."

An old bachelor says that during leap year ladies jump at every offer of marriage—hence the term.

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE

—AND—

DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

BOSTON, MASS., February, 1861.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents must not expect the Editor to answer letters where the subject of inquiry is foreign to his office. In all cases here an answer is desired, enclose a postage stamp, and an answer will be returned by the Treasurer or Executive Committee.

TO EXCHANGES.

Please direct—"Gallaudet Guide—Registry Deeds, Boston."

We have to return our thanks to our friends for their words of encouragement which come to us daily, accompanied with more or less material aid in the shape of subscriptions—We have no new promises to make, but we say, and we have pledged the word—that the Guide shall live, and it shall PAY.

Now then, friends and patrons you are to regard the Guide as an institution among you. You are called upon to support it with your subscriptions, if you will, and the more patronage you give us, the better we shall serve you.

Whatever diverse views we may entertain about other matters, we are all agreed in this—that the Deaf Mutes shall have an organ of their own.

To those who love our cause, but who are not subscribers, we say "Gentlemen and Ladies, we want your patronage because we wish to make a better paper than we have one, and it is for the interest of the cause that it should be made better. See to it that this newspaper representative is properly sustained, so that it will speak as well for the cause as possible."

The object of the Guide is to promote the interests of Deaf Mutes in the broadest sense, to discuss all questions in which their interests are involved, and on which people may wish to express their thoughts—a pleasant visitor to the family fireside—a chain running through and linking them all together in a common sympathy and union. Since then we are to have an organ, is it not best to give it the best support, that it may give the best report of our cause?

The communications in the present Number are rather long, but will be found on perusal full of interest.

Mr. Flournoy will have his hands full; the raps come thick and heavy on him.

We think we have given the article taken from the "Annals" all the notice it requires; epithets don't add to the strength of one's argument.

The haunts of the Sea Serpent, which we copy from the Hartford Times, we hope will not be considered out of season.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

In the Senate on the 14th ult, Mr. Dunne of Suffolk, presented the petitions of sundry individuals "for suitable provision within the Commonwealth for the instruction of Deaf Mute Children."

In the present condition of our national affairs, it is not probable that the Legislature can give the subject much attention, though we have reason to believe that Gov. Andrew is all right on the matter.

ERRATA.

In letter X. of the Tattler, self-evidence should read self-reliance; for reign of Government read reign of Government. For "Unless amended so as to favor Mr. F's scheme. This supreme law" &c, read "Unless amended so as to favor Mr. F's scheme, this supreme law," &c.

The office of Treasurer of the Gallaudet Association, has been held by Charles Barrett, Esq., ever since its first organization, which we believe, was in 1852. All things considered, the society was never in a more flourishing condition than at the present time. This is owing mainly to the experience and skill in financial matters which Mr. Barrett brings with him. The association has been peculiarly fortunate in securing his services, which are rendered without fee or hope of reward.

We are indebted to Rev. Collins Stone, Superintendent of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb for a copy of the 34th Annual Report of the Institution, presented to the Governor for 1860.

Number of pupils in attendance, 91 boys and 68 girls—Total, 159—Disbursements for the year ending Nov. 1, 1860, \$22,193.32.

Mr. Wm. E. Tyler, for several years an efficient instructor, has resigned to enter upon a tour of foreign travel. The vacancy has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Daniel Hebard, a recent graduate of Yale College.

The Report urges upon the Legislature the necessity of providing the Institution with such additional accommodations as will enable her to receive and educate every Deaf Mute in the State, of suitable age.

We congratulate the Institution upon having at its head an indefatigable laborer in the cause, like Mr. Stone.

"The Project of a School for Deaf Mutes in Massachusetts."

The following we take from the "Annals of the Deaf and Dumb," (July number) published at Hartford and edited by Samuel Porter:

"Some deaf-mutes living within and about Boston, have for some time cherished the idea of having an institution for the deaf and dumb established in that city. To accomplish this object, they attempted to induce action on the part of the Legislature of the State, the winter before last, in the first instance; and again last winter they renewed the application with increased urgency. The Committee on Humane and Charitable Institutions, to whom the subject was in each instance referred, after affording the petitioners a full hearing, and after visiting the Hartford Asylum, where the State now educates her deaf-mute children, and giving the whole matter a careful examination, reported alike the first time and the second, that the petitioners have leave to withdraw.

It is natural enough that the deaf-mutes in Boston should like to have an institution of the kind in the city of their residence. But the course taken by some of the leaders in this movement has, we regret to say, been neither proper or becoming in itself, nor well calculated to accomplish the end they had in view; and if to be considered as a result of the training they received at Hartford, would certainly be a valid argument in favor of a better school at Boston. We are always glad to see and encourage a commendable ambition on the part of our deaf-mute friends; but are sorry to see among them any examples of that 'vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side.'"

Now, we will not accuse the writer of wilfully misrepresenting facts, as he may never have seen the petitions to which he refers. If, however, he has one in his possession or within his reach, and it is for an Institution in Boston, we will thank him to produce it. We know of no such petitions having been presented. As to the rest of the article, all we have to say is, that, while we ourselves believed we had greater evils to complain of than those arising from administrative neglect, and were opposed to the introduction before the Legislative Committee of any and all instances of abuse that were known or were alleged to exist in the Institution, we could not but bow to the wisdom and will of a majority of the deaf-mutes of Massachusetts.

We stand ready—what we would not do if we did not feel particularly clear and particularly free from doubt that we are doing right—to endorse the action of the deaf-mutes of Massachusetts in the matter. We believe we understand what their action was and what they did, and we can say and do say, that we think their step on the whole was eminently wise, however unpleasant to some their proceedings might be.

The strongest inducement held out for a continuance of our patronage to Hartford was that of cheapness. We hold that Massachusetts ought to provide for the instruction of her deaf-mute children WITHIN HER OWN BORDERS—cost her what it may—and she will do so when she understands the matter fully and fairly.

We bide our time.

For the Guide.

THE TATTLER.

LETTER XI.

MR. EDITOR:—The old year has gone. Stirring were its events. The brief months of Autumn 1860, will probably be considered the most remarkable season in the history of world, for within them the hierarchal giants, Popery, Islamism and Buddhism, received such stunning blows at the head as made them see the stars in broad daylight; the banners of Liberty were unfurled and planted by the heroic Garibaldi in Sicily and Naples; and the beautiful but hot-headed brunette—South Carolina—tore, or rather attempted to tear herself from the loving arms of her sister States.

The new year has come in with a smile beaming on Italy, Syria and China, and with a brow lowering with gloom on our Republic. Who can cast its horoscope? Who can prognosticate its unborn events—whether the pending wars will be sanguinary—whether our Union will be compact again—whether the Genius of Christianity will reign over all the Earth? Is the millennium not at hand?

So intense is the mist of futurity, that we can see but a few feet off. For aught we know, it is that God alone sees all in the future; and, as certain it is that he is moving in this political tempest, he will show us the denouement, in part or wholly, at the expiration of this infant year. So we shall wait patiently, contenting ourselves with the events which, one after another, shall have transpired within this annual cycle.

Since the time, wherein I said that Garibaldi actually took possession of Naples, no important battles have been fought in the Neapolitan Kingdom. As soon as the people thereof and of Sicily voted almost unanimously for their annexation to Sardinia, and as Victor Emanuel came over to receive the free gift, Garibaldi resigned his command and retired to his island home where to attend his agricultural pursuits a *la Cincinnatus*. Notwithstanding his open declarations of his intention to remain at home, it is rumored that the real object of his retirement is to spring forth from his island, and prey

upon Venetia on a day which none, even the Emperor of Austria himself, can guess.—*Nous verrons.*

Victor Emanuel is now besieging Genoa—the last stronghold of King Francis Joseph, who is determined to fight to the last. Whatever crimes may Francis have perpetrated on his people, we must accord to him the qualities of a true sovereign, who fights for his birthright.

Hungary threatens to rise up in revolt against her Austrian tyrant. Syria, though now comparatively quiet, is still turbulent. It is feared that fresh massacres of Christians will sooner or later be renewed there. The Allies, English and French, have fought hard battles in China, and finally captured the Imperial city of Peking. The Celestial Emperor fled therefrom, taking his numerous wives with him, to partake of his cup of cold, very cold Souchong, in the fastnesses of Tartary. His Summer Palace was pillaged; and much of its gorgeous furniture and of his wardrobe were destroyed, much to the disgrace of the enlightened sons of England and France.

The Mexicans are the most indefatigable dancers in the world, for indeed they have, for consecutive years and days, been engaged in keeping their balls in sight. In their favorite cotillon, known by the name of Death's Dance, they may be seen at all hours, advancing, turning to the left and right, retreating, advancing again in a gallopade, and kissing mother earth. The last accounts say Miramon, with his epaulettes and feathers on and Munchausen spurs at his heels, has just made a brilliant *caneen* before the admiring Liberals. Vive Miramon!

Seriously, Mexico is perpetually in a civil war. And the consequences of this fratricidal strife are dreadful—sickening to contemplate. Would to Heaven that that terrible kind of warfare, with its impoverishing and demoralizing influences, should never be carried into the glorious land which gave birth to our own WASHINGTON!

All the Republics in South America have followed Mexico's example, and are now quite tossed on the raging billows of civil war, while Brazil basks in the genial sunshine of peace. Her Government is not Republican, but monarchical; this fact seems to pronounce Monarchy far superior to Republicanism.

Be this as it may, one thing, however, should not be lost sight of. It is that Brazil is fortunate in her young Emperor, whose character comprises all the sterling virtues of a gentleman, friend and sovereign.

Limited Monarchy may perhaps answer better than Republicanism for the South American Republics; but for the United States this is an utter impossibility, for all the States, though integrated in the Union, are sovereign—independent of each other. The peculiar political nature of our institutions, and our love of independence and restiveness under restraint, exclude the idea that Monarchy can ever be implanted in our midst. The extraordinary progress which our Republic has made in population, power and commerce, shows that her government Republican as it is, cannot be improved in any way whatever, for it was, in fact, the master-piece of Washington, Franklin and their sage compatriots.

Seeing the excellence of our Government, its reins should, now and forever, be placed in the hands of true statesmen—not of ambitious, ignorant politicians and selfish demagogues, whom it has long been a popular custom to nominate and elect. As long as our Republic is under the control of our demagogic politicians, and the slavery question—the accursed bone of contention—continues to disturb our peace of mind, we cannot but feel sure that her glorious existence will be brief, and the dissolution of her Union will prove most disastrous alike to the North, South and West. At once disintegrated, and enfeebled by perpetual civil war, all the States will, certainly without resenting, suffer indignities at the hands of John Bull, whose characteristics we all know are arrogance, selfishness and love of domineering and intermeddling.

Of the present affairs in our country I shall speak nothing; but, as a Bell and Everett man, ever solicitous for the safety of the Union, I shall watch the progress of the hideous ball of secession—I waiting for the denouement of God's mysterious intentions.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

January, 1861.

For the Gallaudet Guide.

ANSWERS OF TWO DEAF MUTES.

MR. EDITOR:—Looking about our valuable things and papers in our old carpet-bag, and picking accidentally up an old copy of the New York Observer, dated on the 13th of December, 1841, my eyes fell on an article therein; and I thought it might interest your readers. So I send it to you for insertion in the Guide. It is worth while to state that the former of the young ladies, Miss S. E. W., has since become Mrs. K. S., and the latter, Miss M. A. W., Mrs. J. C. R. P.

The N. Y. Observer writes:—At a late meeting of the Session of the Mercer street Presbyterian Church, in this city, two deaf-mutes, sisters, presented themselves for examination. They had received education at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, where they became hopefully pious during a season of unusual religious interest. Their term of instruction expired last year,

(1840) and they have since resided with their parents in this city.

The following questions and answers were publicly read by Dr. Skinner, the pastor of the church, on the Sabbath, at the time when the candidates made a public profession of their faith, and were permitted, for the first time, to sit at the table of the Lord. It was then stated that the examination had been thorough, and perfectly satisfactory. The candidates had not been previously informed of the questions which would be proposed, and the answers, a specimen of which is here given, were written; it was also stated, in the presence of the members of the session, as the questions, one after another, were proposed by them.

Questions Proposed to Miss S. E. W., with her Answers.

Q. Do you think you have been born of God?

A. Yes, sir, I think so. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

Q. By what agency has the work of grace been effected and carried on in your heart?

A. By the Holy Spirit. "It is faith which purifies the heart."

Q. Do you love the holiness of God?

A. Yes, sir. We ought to persevere in resisting sin and following holiness. God says: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

Q. Do you love the Bible?

A. Yes, sir. O! it is a satisfaction to look to God through the merits of Christ, and come as we are, miserable and undone sinners, and throw ourselves wholly on his mercy.

Q. Would God be just to punish you?

A. Yes, sir. Christ laid aside his glory, and assumed a bodily form. He suffered the death of the cross to expiate for sin, and also to save us sinners from the bondage of Satan, and the curse of the law. If he had not come, there could have been no salvation for us. We are bound to adore the infinite goodness of God, who did not overlook lost mankind, but sent His Son to redeem us from sin. How infinitely good is God to give us such great encouragement to secure ourselves from ruin.

Q. Why do you wish to join the church?

A. To commemorate Christ's precious sufferings and death.

Q. Why do you wish to be baptized?

A. That I may be admitted into the church of Christ, and become a partaker of the holy Sacrament, and by the assistance of the Holy Spirit lead a new life.

Q. What does the wine represent?

A. It represents the body of Christ which was crucified for our sins.

Q. Do you love to think of heaven as a holy place?

A. Yes, sir. How pleasant a thing it is to meditate upon its unspeakable joys.

Q. Are you afraid of dying?

A. I sometimes fear I am not fully prepared to die, but I trust in the merits of Christ, and in his unbounded love. It is a solemn thing to die. We should duly prepare for death, for it is inevitable. The Bible says, "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh."

Answers of Miss M. A. W.

Q. Do you think you have been born of God?

A. I do. Before I saw and felt the evil of being a sinner, I considered religion severe and gloomy; but I feel that nothing in this world gives greater happiness than real religion does.

Q. By what agency has the work of grace been effected and carried on in your heart?

A. By the Holy Spirit. I feel I had passed into another state of existence. I am convinced that I had gradually passed from death to life, but I was not fully aware that I was then a hopeful convert at that revival of religion. From that time I have been thirsting for the waters of eternal life.

Q. Do you deserve the wrath of God?

A. If I continue in my sins, I deserve his wrath; but I hope I can trust in the Lord with a willing heart. However I am unworthy in his sight, I derive a source of great consolation from reading the word of God, and from retiring to commune with heaven.

Q. Can you save yourself?

A. No, sir. I know that I cannot obtain salvation as a reward of my own works, but I receive it as a free gift from God. The righteousness, the precious blood he shed on the cross, can only make me free from the curse of the law, and the bondage of sin.

Q. Do you love the holiness of God?

A. I do sincerely. I have often prayed that God would give me the Holy Spirit to make me holy. I feel delighted with meditating on his infinite perfections of character.

Q. Would you be willing to trust any other Savior than Christ?

A. No, sir. I pray God to deliver me from seeking for my spiritual comfort in any other way than through Christ himself. It is only by the blood of Christ that we are brought nigh to God. I hope I can say with the Royal Psalmist: "Whom have I in heaven but thee, O Lord, there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee."

Q. Do you love prayer?

A. I do indeed, for it is my spiritual comfort. Without prayer I cannot receive from my Heavenly Father what my soul desires, and my heart can wish in this world. If I do

not pray in faith he will not answer my requests. He will answer the prayer of faith.

Q. Would God be just to punish you?

A. Yes, sir. That I may be made more sensible of the depravity of my heart, and that I may love him more and more as my Heavenly Father, and pray to him more earnestly and fervently.

Q. Why do you wish to join the church?

A. Because it is my duty that I ought not to neglect so great a privilege. I hope that I shall commemorate his dying love with an humble and prayerful spirit, and an entire dependence on him that I may be confirmed and strengthened in my faith. And because I thought that if I should neglect attendance, I should dishonor my Savior by a refusal of an appointed means of grace. I desire to do so also, that my faith in Christ may be renewed by receiving the sacrament of his body and blood.

Q. Why do you wish to be baptized?

A. That as my corporal body is sprinkled with water so may my soul be sprinkled with the Holy Spirit.

Q. What does the wine represent?

A. The blood of Christ which was given for many for the remission of sins.

Q. What does the bread represent?

A. The body of Christ that was broken as a ransom for all mankind.

Q. Are you afraid of dying?

A. I am sometimes afraid to die when I see my sinfulness in my heart. But I trust that my blessed Redeemer will sustain me when I pass through the valley of the shadow of death. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Q. Do you love to think of Heaven as a holy place?

A. I do indeed. It is a great refreshment to my soul to think of the unutterable bliss of Heaven amidst the trying scenes of this world.

As the above extracts were read to the church and congregation, they were listened to with solemn interest by all. It was deeply affecting to hear such expressions of piety, such apt quotations from Scripture, and such correct theological sentiments, from those who never heard one word of divine truth. As one answer was read and another, we could not but admire, more and more, the wonderful grace of God, who had delivered these imprisoned minds, as it were, from a living tomb, brought them into spiritual communion with himself, and, in a peculiar sense, had called them "out of darkness into his marvellous light."

For the Gallaudet Guide.

MR. GUIDE:—

I consider your journal very creditable to the enterprise and taste of its originator; on whose success I congratulate him. As it has communications from different sections of the country, perhaps a few notes from Port Jarvis, N. Y., may be of interest. I send you some facts relating to young mute men.

Yours, truly, W. W. FARNUM.

MY FRIENDS:—Permit me to address you upon a subject of the utmost importance to you. I wish I could write a biographical work which would perhaps prove interesting to the young men like you, for it would furnish many illustrations of the fact that "untiring industry will accomplish wonders;" that with this as the motto, the poor shoemaker has become a great legislator; the plow-boy, the statesman; the poor printer, the great philosopher and statesman; the poor clerk or schoolmaster, the opulent merchant; the poor saddle-maker, the extensive tanner, the wealthy banker and a fearless legislator; the obscure stevedore passenger, the great capitalist; the newsboy, the rich proprietor and publisher of the London Illustrated News and a Member of Parliament; the blacksmith, the celebrated lecturer; the carpenter, the opulent consul; the poor tobaccoist, the Mayor of New York City; the obscure drover, the present member of Congress; the obscure machinist has exchanged his hammer for the Speaker's mace, and the poor, friendless youth has risen to the presidential chair. It will be endless to describe the obscure life of many others. "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Let me quote the following poem:

"I am brother to the worker,
And I love his manly look,
As I love a thought of beauty,
Living, star-like, in a book.
I am brother to the humblest,
In the world's red-headed strife—
Those who wield the sword of labor,
In the battle ranks of life."

THE TRADES HONORED.

Christ was a carpenter, St. Paul a sail-maker, Roger Sherman a shoemaker, Franklin a printer, Sir Herbert Ingram (a victim of the late disaster on Lake Michigan) a newsboy, T. Pratt a saddle-maker, A. T. Stewart a schoolmaster and then a clerk, Broderick a mason, Banks a machinist, Burritt a blacksmith, Stout a drover, Robert Sears a poor Printer, and A. J. Mickle a tobaccoist. Not the less on this account the world honors them. As a means of support they took to these humble trades, above which the development of their minds and manhood went on. Making chairs, nails, hats, &c, is just as respectable business as selling them. Many other men like them have, by the sole aid of their industry and perseverance, emerged from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to distinction, from

the workshop to halls of Congress or princely warehouses.

You see what an encouraging example does the glorious career of these men afford to you. It shows that indomitable perseverance, integrity and industry will accomplish almost everything within the sphere of human effort. *Need you despise such trades,* to which they have commenced an apprentice while you have learned them at the Institution? I know that many thousands of young men like you have been and are unwilling to take to trades,—disposed to live by your pens—and leave your employment on the farm, the office of teachership, the workshop of labor, for a lawyer's or a county recorder's office, or a merchant's or a banker's desk, because you perhaps think to dignify and ennoble your toil. This is a sad mistake indeed. Or you seek office for the sake of honor. Yet it is substantially silly and mean to be an office-seeker—would that you take to a trade under any circumstances. You must, therefore, never allow any feeling of pride or prejudice to influence you to decide against the business of a shoemaker, cabinet-maker, or tailor, or tradesman, if you have the proper qualifications for it; but you must, by the force of your industry and perseverance, triumph over all difficulties that you meet with, for you have often heard and continue to think well of those who have toiled from the shadows of obscurity into an eminence of usefulness; from the darkness of hardship into the sunshine of a great and benevolent enterprise and wealth. I beg you, my young friends, to always remain in the diligent performance of your duties, to acquire a good mastery of art, and to win the respect and confidence of all with whom you have become acquainted, by your industry, good personal habits, intelligence, and good morality and upright character. You must add dignity to the employment to which you will decide to devote your energies.

What a pitiful misfortune and great mistake it is always to think that it is more truly respectable to be a poor teacher, lawyer, clergyman, merchant, or artist, than to be a good blacksmith, shoemaker, cabinet maker, printer or sail maker. But you will realize that it is the man who gives dignity to the occupation and it is *never* the occupation which can ennoble and dignify the man, except it elevates a refined and sociable influence upon his character and habits.

When I was an office-seeker in New York city, at some public large offices, I made some inquiries, all of which were answered in the negative.

Afterwards Titcomb's letters were shown to me to read; the selected subject directing me to take a good lesson of industry from the "bee." Should I seek office or look for chance, it would make me so sick and tedious that I have turned my close attention to a trade, which I can use as a means for gaining a position in the future; but I prefer accepting an offer to office-seeking; or to look for chance. You who have told me that you would rather be a teacher, or a clerk, or bookkeeper, rather than a tradesman, *for the sake of honor*, and you wish I could obtain a better position as a teacher, will have a good lesson to understand this letter and some maxims. I have lately learned that you think of leaving your present employment in order to seek a clerking situation. Unless it has been offered to you, I pray you to hold on in your place, as success will always crown your efforts, as well as will be the road to fortune, if you resolve to adhere to your position and industry. Perseverance and good sense, and diligence, and energy, will always command success. Industry, economy and frugality; these are the truest means of prosperity. Good personal and business habits are essential to success in employment as well as society. No man can be wisely accomplished without labor. Habitual idleness is always exposed to sloth and idleness. Cultivate this noble quality, which pays debts while idleness will increase them. You must not be in haste to abandon your occupation at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, on the farm and the workshop, where, if your income is small, it is almost sure, and will occasionally give you a competence and success, if you have health, energy and industry. You must never be in a hurry to leave these honorable and comparatively hard or easy positions for the purpose of looking for a chance—such "chance" may produce a notorious, but never yet did chance produce a great man, because the great men have, in their early days, begun trades without ever looking about for chances. Clerking or office-seeking, this century, I have often been told by some distinguished men, is not considered the speediest ways to "put money in the purse," for competition has increased the difficulty of obtaining a desirable situation as well as reduced the average rate of compensation. Therefore, you must "follow up your proper line" of business, year after year, turning neither the right hand nor the left in the pursuit of speculative advantages. The man of business must be a worker. "Labor is the great law of our being." "There is no such thing as works of supererogation!" "Content is kingdom." And "Do with all thy might, whatever thy hand findeth to do." God finds something for busy hands, while Satan does mischief for idle ones.

It is a well ascertained fact that those occupations which are the most useful, are the

safest, and that steady, earnest efforts alone always conduct to wealth as well as high position. Intending to make money, you must not depend upon luck, but should look first to the safety and durability of the business. It is greater misfortune for you to seek office or look for chance than for a speaking young man to do so, though the latter is regarded by great men as being a silly and mean office-seeker. It is scarcely necessary to say that many more intelligent and influential adult deaf-mutes in New England and several other States should obtain much credit and reward by using their trades as a means while they are above their labor. Could you not procure desirable positions which have been and are sought for the sake of honor, you had better follow their wise examples as well as those of the men above mentioned.

The following on the blessings of poverty, etc., inserted in Titcomb's letters, may be acceptable to the readers of the *Guide*, and it will probably be not only an interesting but useful lesson to you as young men:

THE BLESSINGS OF POVERTY—OFFICE AND EFFECT OF A PROFESSION.

"The labor we delight in physics pain."
"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow."

The rest is all but leather and prunello.

"If there is anything in the world that a young man should be more grateful for than another, it is the poverty which necessitates starting life under very great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality in existence. A triumph over it is like graduating with honor from West Point. It demonstrates stuff and stamina. It is a certificate of worthy labor, faithfully performed. A young man who cannot stand this test is not good for anything. He can never rise above a drudge or a pauper. A young man who cannot feel his hardship as the yoke of poverty presses upon him, and his pluck rise with every difficulty that poverty throws in his way, may as well retire into some corner, and hide himself. Poverty saves a thousand times more men than it ruins, for it only ruins those who are not particularly worth saving, while it saves multitudes of those whom wealth would have ruined. If any young man who reads this letter, is so unfortunate as to be rich, I give him my pity. I pity you, my rich young friend, because you are in danger. You lack one great stimulus to effort and excellence which your poor companion possesses. You will be very apt, if you have a soft spot in your head, to think yourself above him, and that sort of thing makes you mean and injures you. With full pockets and full stomach, and good linen and broadcloth on your back, your heart and soul will get plethoric, and in the race of life you will find yourself surpassed by all the poor boys around you, before you know it.

"No, my boy, if you are poor, thank God and take courage; for he intends to give you a chance to make something of yourself. If you had plenty of money, ten chances to one it would spoil you for all useful purposes. Do you lack education? Have you been cut short in the text book? Remember that education, like some other things, does not consist in the multitude of things a man possesses. What can you do? That is the question that settles the business for you. Do you know your business? Do you know men, and how to deal with them? Has your mind, by any means whatsoever, received that discipline which gives to its action power and facility? If so, then you are more of a man, and a thousand times better educated, than the fellow who graduated from a college with his brains full of stuff that he cannot apply to the practical business of life—stuff the acquisition of which has been in no sense a disciplinary process, so far as he is concerned. There are very few men in this world less than thirty years of age, unmarried, who can afford to be rich. One of the greatest benefits to be reaped from great financial disasters, is the saving of a large crop of young men.

"In regard to the choice of a profession, that is your business, and not mine, nor that of any of your friends. If you take to a trade or profession, don't be persuaded out of it, until you are perfectly satisfied that you are not adapted to it. You will receive all sorts of the most excellent advice, but you must remember that if you follow it, and it leads you into a possession that starves you, those who gave the advice never feel bound to give you any money. You have got to take care of yourself in this world, and you may as well choose your own way of doing it, always remembering that it is not your trade, nor your profession which makes you respectable. This leads me to a matter that I may as well dispose of here as anywhere.

"I propose to explain what I meant in a previous letter by the counsel to 'let no man know by your dress what your business is.' You dress your persons, not your trades." As the proper explanation of this involves a very important principle, I will devote the rest of this letter to its development and illustration. The fault found with this counsel is that it has always been considered best to dress according to one's business and position.

"Manhood, and profession or handicraft, are entirely different things; and I wish particularly that every young man engaged in reading these letters should understand the reason why. God makes men, and men makes blacksmiths, tailors, farmers, horse-jockeys, tradesmen of all sorts, governors, judges, &c. The offices of men may be more or less important, and of a higher or lower quality, but manhood is a higher possession than office. An occupation is never an end of life. It is an instrument put into our hands, or taken into our hands, by which to gain for the body the means of living until sickness or old age deprives us of life, and we pass on to the world for which this is a preparation. However thoroughly acquired and assiduously followed, a trade is something to be held at arm's length. I can illustrate what I mean by placing, side by side, two horses,—one, fresh from the stall, with every hair in its right place, his head up and mane flying, and another that has been worked in the same harness every day for three years, until the skin is bare on each hip and thigh, an inflamed abrasion glows on each side of the back-bone where the hard saddle-pads rest, a severe gall-mark spreads its brown patch under the breast collar, and all the other marks of an

abused horse abound. Now a trade, or a profession, will wear into a man as a harness wears into a horse. One can see the 'trade mark' on almost every soul and body met in the street. A trade has taken some men by the shoulder and shaken their humanity out of them. It has so warped the natures of others that they might be wet down and set in the sun to dry a thousand times without being warped back.

"Thus, I say, a man's trade or profession should be kept at arm's length. It should not be allowed to tyrannize over him, to mould him, to crush him. It should not occupy the whole of his attention. So far from this, it should be regarded, in its material aspect; at least, only as a means for the development of manhood. The great object of living is the attainment of true manhood—the cultivation of every power of the soul and of every high spiritual quality, naturally inherent or graciously superadded. The trade is beneath the man, and should be kept there. With this idea in your minds—and you may be very sure that it is the correct idea—just look around you, and see how almost everybody has missed it. You and I both know physicians whose mental possessions, beyond their knowledge of drugs and diseases, are not worth anything. We are acquainted with lawyers who are never seen out of their offices, who live among pigeon-holes and red tape, and busy their minds with quibbles and quibbles so unremittingly, that they have not a thought for other subjects. They are not men at all; they are nothing but lawyers. Often we find not more than five whole men in a town of five thousand inhabitants. Those who pass for men, and who really do get married and have families, are a hundred to one fractional men, or exclusively machines.

"Elihu Burritt cultivated the man that was in him until his trade and his blacksmith's shop would not stay with him. They ceased to be useful to him. He could get a living in a way that was better for him. Benjamin Franklin was an excellent printer, but he used his trade only as a means. The development of his mind and his manhood went on above it. Printing with him was not an end of life. If it had been, we should have missed his words of wisdom; some one else would have built the kite that exchanged the first kiss with electricity, and less able men would have been set to do the work which he did so creditably in the arrangement of his country's affairs. It is not necessary that you be learned blacksmiths or philosophical and diplomatic printers, but it is necessary that you be a man before your calling, behind your calling, above your calling, outside of your calling, and inside of it; and that that calling modify your characters no more than it would were it your neighbor's.

"If I have made my point plain to you, you can readily see that I attach very little value to the distinctions in society based on callings, and still less to those based on office. If a man be a man, let him thank his stars that he is not a justice of the peace. Of all the appetites that curse young men, appetite for office seems to me to be the silliest and the meanest. There is nothing which fills me with greater disgust than to see a young man eager for the poor distinction which office confers. An office-seeker, for the sake of honor, is constitutionally, necessarily, mean. I have seen men begin at twenty-one as prudential committees in small school districts, and stick to office until everybody was sick of them. Whether it rained porridge or potatoes, paving stones or pearls, their dish was always out. They and their families always had to be cared for.

"Office always brings obligations and a certain kind of slavery. It brings something more than this—it brings insanity. A young man who allows himself to get a taste of it very rarely recovers. It is like tobacco, or opium, or brandy, producing a morbid appetite; and we need all through the nation a new society of reform. There should be a pledge circulated and everywhere signed, promising total abstinence from office-seeking. To this every young man should put his name. There are chronic cases that may be considered hopeless, but the young can be saved.

Do not let me be misunderstood; I have spoken of the thirst for office for the sake of honor. My belief is that office should neither be sought for nor lightly refused. The curse of our country is that office-seekers have made place so contemptible that good men will not accept it, but so far keep themselves removed from politics that all the affairs of government fall into unworthy hands. When a young man is sought for to fill a responsible place in public affairs—sought for and selected on the ground of fitness—he should decide whether he owes that duty to the public, and perform it well if he does. Office was properly regarded in the 'good old colony times.' Then it was considered a hindrance to business, and almost or quite a hardship; so much so that laws were passed, in some instances, compelling men to accept office, or pay a fine. So I would have you to do your duty to the public at all times, and especially in seeing that office-seekers, by profession or constant practice, are crowded from the track, and worthy men put on.—*Titcomb.*

(Concluded in our next.)

For the Gallaudet Guide.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER FOR 1860.

The year 1860, past, was an extraordinary year in a meteorological point of view. It was voted for the great eclipse of the sun (on the 18th of July,) brilliant meteors, numerous displays of Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights, violent and excessive rains, great droughts, terrible tornadoes, heavy crops and failures of crops, unusual calms and storms, unusual cold in winter, and unusual heat in summer; terrific thunder and lightning, earthquakes, &c.

Some meteorologists and astronomers have attributed such extraordinary phenomena and other similar events to the presence of the great (Donati's) Comet which, as most of the readers of the *Guide* are well aware, was visible for several weeks in the fall of 1858, and which attracted so much attention and comment.

The following is an account of the weather during the year.

Clear days.....115
Cloudy days.....34
Rainy days.....150

Snowy days.....56
Days of rain and snow.....11
Total, 366.
—Cloudy without rain or snow. 42.
There were 42 days during the year, on which the sun was not seen. There were 9 days on which not a cloud was to be seen. When the sun is not seen, that is, does not shine, on any day, on account of the cloudy weather, I call it a *sunless day*. When there is not a cloud to be seen on any day, I call it a *PERFECTLY clear day*.

The following is an account of the temperature of the weather during the year.

Cold days.....113
Cool days.....126
Pleasant days.....76
Warm days.....49
Hot days.....22
Total, 366.

It is to be borne in mind, that when the mercury in a thermometer averages under 40 degrees on any day, I call it a *COLD day*. When it averages from 40 to 60 degrees, it is a *COOL day*; when it averages from 60 to 70 degrees, it is a *PLEASANT day*; when it averages from 70 to 80 degrees, it is a *WARM day*; and when it averages over 80 degrees, it is a *HOT day*.

The following is an account of the wind during the year.

North.....19 days
North-East.....104 "
East.....14 "
South-East.....42 "
South.....30 "
South-West.....53 "
West.....23 "
North-West.....82 "
Total, 366 days.

It will be seen that the North-Easterly wind was the prevailing wind in 1860.

The amount of rain which fell in this city (Philadelphia) during the year, was 44.09 inches, being 14 inches less than the amount in 1859. The greatest amount of rain that fell in any month of the year, was 11.40 inches, in the month of August; and the least amount was 98 parts of an inch, in the month of July.

The following is the highest, lowest, and mean temperatures of each month of 1860.

Months	Highest	Lowest	Mean
January	55	5	30.09
February	61	7	29.07
March	66	22	40.15
April	72	24	45.18
May	83	40	69.01
June	87	50	67.01
July	89	55	72.07
August	90	54	72.02
September	84	40	62.14
October	73	32	52.17
November	75	8	43.13
December	43	3	23.04
Yearly Average,			60.17

Below zero.

The warmest day in 1860, was July 20th, the mercury averaging 82 degrees. The coldest day was February 2nd, the mercury averaging 34 degrees. The highest point the mercury attained to during the year, was 90 degrees, at noon, on the tenth of August. The lowest point was 7 degrees below zero, on the morning of the 2nd of February.

The following is an exhibit of the mean temperature of each year for the last five years, which will show a variation of but two degrees.

Mean temperature of 1856	51.20
" " 1857	50.24
" " 1858	50.48
" " 1859	49.38
" " 1860	50.17

Average of five years, 50.29.

It is a remarkable fact, that while the mean temperature of any one of the months of one year sometimes varies very much from that of the same month of another year, the mean temperature of each year is very nearly the same for the last five years. For example, I shall give the mean temperature of January from 1856 to 1860, both years inclusive.

January, 1856	24.15
" 1857	18.33
" 1858	37.25
" 1859	28.22
" 1860	30.09

Average of January, for five years, 27.60

It will be seen from the above figures, that 1857 had the *COLDEST* January, while 1859 had the *WARMEST* January; and that the difference in the mean temperature of January in 1857 and 1859, is nearly 19 degrees!

The writer of this has been keeping an account of the weather since the commencement of the year 1850. He intends giving a review of the weather for the last eleven years in the *Guide*, if it is of any interest to its readers. Such a review will require its continuation in several numbers of the *Guide*.

January, 1861.

A MUTE TYPO.

For the Guide.

MR. EDITOR.—The receipt of the first No. of Vol. 2 of the *Guide*, last evening and at the distance of a thousand miles from its publication office, prompts me to take up the pen—a thing I had been intending to do from time to time as successive numbers of your sheet came to hand, but which a press of other matters prevented. I congratulate the *Guide* on its greatly improved looks and the ability displayed in its editorial management. In the present January number the *Tattler* gives Mr. Flournoy a "combing" that he has long needed. I acknowledge Mr. Flournoy's goodness of heart and of motive, but he is badly bitten by a fancy that can never be successfully realized in the common course of things.

Why should he not take advantage of the present uncommon course? In the shattering of our most "glorious Union" into fragments, he might seize on one of these fragments and carry into execution his long cherished dream. The Old Pub. Func. would do nothing to prevent such consummation, and the custom once established Mr. F. could dictate his own terms and secure his object by "negotiation." Don't you, Mr. Editor, admit that the plan is feasible? Is it not preferable to the one which Mr. F. has taken, and which it is as impossible to carry through Congress as is every thing else, excepting always a slave code and the re-opening of the slave trade?

I wish to ask Rap. Palette, or his old rocking chair, a question. He (or it) speaks of Noah's deluge, and has had a controversy on certain points relating thereto. Now, I would like to ask him where or how he would obtain water enough to cover the earth? If the whole world—including both hemispheres—were covered with water, where would he obtain the water unless he pumped the Atlantic and Pacific dry? And as water seeks its level, would it not run back into its natural bed as fast as he pumped it out? Is it not more proper to call the deluge a mere local inundation? I am aware that such a statement would shock certain theological notions of certain persons, but there should be at least a grain of sense in religion as in other matters.

My friend Burnett talks of poles and looking-glasses. If the great majority of the northern people are "nud-sills," why should they not wear *pokes* as well as horses, or pronged collars as well as slaves; and what is the difference between such ornaments and poles? On this subject of poles I do not propose to speak further, but on the matter of looking-glasses I would propose certain amendments to Mr. Burnett's motion. For instance, if the person carrying such glass suspended or stuck before his nose is habitually heedless of danger, let the glass be of convex shape, in order that the danger behind him may be magnified beyond its due proportions; and, if he is over-cautious, make it concave, that he may not be too cautious to be good for anything. And, again, if he is of that very common and very numerous class found every where, among speaking persons as well as among deaf-mutes, a common tattler, scandal-monger, backbiter, gossip and petty liar generally, then let the glass be multi-cracked in order that he may see himself as others see him. I apprehend that, if Mr. Flournoy could succeed in his project of a colony, three-fourths of those who join would need multi-cracked glasses. As to the materials for a light in the evening, would not the drawing of matches from one's pocket convey to a stranger the idea of drawing an iron pop gun? The better plan, if in a city or locality where are abundance of people, would be to pass on and leave the querist to address some one else, or, if you please, mutter some unintelligible jargon, conveying to him the idea that you "don't understand Dutch," and leave him to seek some one who does. After all, the true way to avoid the accidents to which Mr. Burnett refers, is to keep your eyes about you.

A subject several times mooted in the *Guide*, is *vagrancy* among deaf-mutes. Dr. Peet and others were right in the way they characterized it in the Convention at Jacksonville. Deaf-mutes are like hearing people, but the weak among them are badly deluded at the Institutions established for their benefit. In all these Institutions are always some weak or vain-glorious teachers who do not comprehend that the mutes are receiving an education as a matter of right, not as a charity. They talk pity and sympathy and charity and other like bosh, but no manliness, because themselves lacking in that quality. Is it strange, then, that some of their pupils leave school with little or no idea of manly self-dependence? The statements made at Jacksonville have been denied by writers in the *Guide*. I live far from New England, and on a line of railroad, and can speak from experience. Many deaf-mutes from all the eastern schools, have called on me here, and I invariably found that, if they paid their fare and hotel bills, they were possessed of at least common honor and common honesty in other respects, and they were sensible men; on the other hand, if they by begging or otherwise, contrived to travel free, they were as a general rule, cheats or worthless characters, and, as conversationalists, they were apt to be insufferable bores, and whose garrulity I escape by leaving them to others equally garrulous.

Now, Mr. Editor, having criticized some of your correspondents—and I grant them the perfect right to inflict the same prowess on me, if it so please them—let me say a word in regard to the *Guide*. In this paper the deaf-mutes possess a common organ through which they can speak to each other, however widely separated. Through this also, the Professors in the various Institutions throughout the land, and the Institutions themselves, are brought under the public eye, and a means is thus provided for a greater impartiality than always occurs in their Annual Reports. In other words, teachers have raised up a constituency which keeps an eye on them, and, through

the *Guide*, has power to speak. Any abuse in these Institutions, unless corrected, should be exposed, but not in the rash, wanton, heedless way it was done in the first numbers of that paper. I know that, in most if not all, our Institutions for deaf-mutes, there are "inefficient" teachers who are entirely out of place, but it is not right to condemn all for a few, the faithful for the faithless. All professions have their inefficient men—in schools, pulpits and governments—and, in condemning, careful judgment should stand in the place of passion.

My article has run to much greater length than I intended, but as my many avocations prevent frequent correspondence, your readers need not fear another, long or short very soon from
SENEX.
Jan. 6th, 1861.

THE RETURNED LETTERS.

How she strives her grief to smother!
Tears fell on the snowy page;
To a daughter writes the mother,
Calls her home to cheer her age.
Weary then with looking—longing,
Weeks and weeks pass sadly by;
All the past to memory thronging—
Hoping on, but—no reply.
Till at last there comes a letter;
'Tis her own, she traces there—
Better had she died—far better—
"Gone away, and not known where."

From her home across the ocean,
Blotted with repentant tears,
Writes the daughter her emotion—
How she turns to earlier years:
Prays that heaven may bless her mother,
Tells her of her wedded joy,
How she left her for another—
Sends the picture of her boy.
Then she waits to be forgiven,
'Till another year has fled:
Back her letter, torn and riven,
Comes, and on it written "Dead."

COMING HOME.—A man may be very happy awhile away from home, but he is very glad to return to it. The plainest old familiar dish is better there than the daintiest epicurean bill of fare abroad. His own little room, with its handy, compact belongings, is preferable to all the marble halls, swept by silk-clad dames. "Home" is one more than ever impressed by the significance of that word, when, even in the roughest little hamlet, and most desolate-looking but, it may mean so much to those who were born in it! It is a beautiful trait, this clinging to the very soil of one's birth-place, sterile and unattractive as it may be to those who have no such associations.

There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and despatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest, and that of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

An Englishman once asked an American—

"What things to admire has America ever done?"

"Sir," replied the American, "she has produced a girl, deaf, dumb, and blind, who with her own hands did sewing enough to send a barrel of flour to some of your suffering countrymen."

NOTICE.

The President greets his friends and members of the Gallaudet Association, but under a sense of the importance of promoting the interests of the Association, which has been the means of doing so much good, feels obliged to call upon those holding office, as agents or otherwise of the Society, who are neglectful of their duties assigned to them respectively, to immediately attend to said duties or to send in their resignation to the Secretary.

It will be remembered that the President is authorized to fill any and all vacancies. It is hoped that all will cheerfully comply with the request he here makes.

He takes this occasion also to inform those holding claims against the Association not to present their bills till the Board meets, and that no bills will be approved before then, except in cases of necessity.

He also takes the opportunity to express his acknowledgements to the patrons of the "Gallaudet Guide" for their aid during the year just closed, and hereby respectfully solicits a continuation of the same encouragement and patronage for the year to come.

THOMAS BROWN,
President of the N. E. Gallaudet Association.
Henniker, N. H., Jan. 1861.

MR. AND MRS. FLAMBEAU'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

"It is piercing cold," said Mrs. Flambeau;—"the air cuts like a knife."
"True," replied Mr. F., through his chattering teeth, "but all last winter you were at me to give you a sleigh-ride, and declared I was one of the meanest men in all Boston for not taking you out when Mudge and his wife went to Lexington, and had their mulled wine,—so, this season I was determined your whim should be gratified." And he cracked the whip, and away they flew at a pace that drew attention even from some of the fastest Jehus on the road.
"What a corner you turned then!" presently exclaimed Mrs. Flambeau. "I declare, you drive like a madman!"

And far above the jingling of the merry sleigh bells pealed the laugh of Mr. Flambeau, in response to the wild cry of alarm from the shivering woman at his elbow.

"I'll show you something prettier than that yet," he shouted, as the whip cracked again, and another corner was rounded, this time at lightning speed indeed, and with the sleigh poised on but a single runner.

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Flambeau, "you will frighten me to death! Oh, what a fool I was ever to ask you to take me a sleigh-riding! I might have known what would come of it, you are such a reckless wretch. I don't believe but what Mr. Mudge, when he took his wife to Lexington drove with as much consideration as if they were riding to church—else I am sure, she would sooner have staid at home."

"The very place for her," muttered Mr. Flambeau, in the folds of his muffler, "and a place, too, I intend you, marm, shall have a hankering after by the time this ride is over with."

And, by and by the hotel was reached. It was many, many miles away in the suburbs—it seems to Mrs. Flambeau it must have been twenty at the least, notwithstanding the fearful rate they had come at—but it was the fixed resolve of Mr. Flambeau, even if he, too, should half-perish with the cold, to make the ride a long one, that it might be their last, as well as first, during this winter's sleighing.

Well warmed by the blazing fires they found in the parlors of my landlord, and cheered with comforts from his larder, too, the worthy couple are once more in the sleigh. And now, whether it was that a meeting of Mr. Flambeau's Club was to be held that evening—or that the mulled wine had something to do with the matter, the nag before them was put into a pace compared with which the gait he traveled at going out, was a mere dog trot. In the eyes of Mrs. Flambeau, half-blinded as they were by the blowing snow, the houses and fences by the roadside, as they flew along, were scarcely distinguishable from the trees and shrubbery, whitened and loaded down with frost and icicles. Again and again she would have screamed to Mr. Flambeau to slacken the mad speed of the horse—even if it were but for a rod or two—that she might recover breath. But she knew the "fit was on him," and that farther attempts at expostulation were worse than thrown away.

So on they came—the loud ringing 'hi ya' of Mr. Flambeau, with the oft repeated cracking of the whip, intermingled ever and anon, with a cry of 'Get out of the way you rascal in front there,'—all breaking upon the stillness of the air in a way that startled many a quiet traveler on the road into a belief that Bedlam itself was let loose to join in the sleighing Carnival.

But there is an end to all things, and the sleigh-ride of the Flambeaus had its termination. What followed when Mrs. Flambeau found herself safe at home again—warmed up, too, within and without, and the chill fairly thawed out of her—is left to the imagination of the reader. [Boston Herald.]

WONDERFUL.—A teacher of penmanship, in twelve lessons, taught a lawyer to read his own writing.

It is quite natural that when woman reigns she should storm—and she always does.

Noble spirits rejoice in the consciousness of a motive—base ones delight only in pretext.

Much valuable matter is unavoidably crowded out of this number, but will appear in the next issue.

A number of typographical errors occurred in the article headed "The Two Mutes," in the January number.

Mr. Burnett's and Mr. Flournoy's communications will appear in our next. Also a very interesting tale from *Hopps's Weekly*, entitled "My Angel's Visit," showing how the parents sacrificed the health and finally the life of their deaf-mute child, in vain efforts to have her hearing restored.

MARRIAGES.

In Middlebury, Vt. Dec. 23, 1860, by Rev. Mr. Wright, Edwin H. Little of Randolph, Vt. & Miss Wealthy Wright of M.: both graduates of the American Asylum, at Hartford.

Slender.
BY FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.
A whisper woke the air—
A soft light tone and low,
Yet hushed with shame and woe;
Now might it only perish there!
Nor farther go.
Ah, me! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound!
Another voice has breathed it clear,
And so it wanders round;
From ear to lip—from lip to ear—
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And that—it broke.
It was the only heart it found.
The only heart 'twas meant to find,
When first its accents woke;
It reached that tender heart at last,
And that—it broke.
Low as it seemed to other ears,
It came a thunder crash to hers—
That fragile girl so fair and gay,
That guileless girl so pure and true!
'Tis said a lovely humming-bird
That in a fragrant lily lay,
And dreamed the summer moon away,
Was killed by but a gun's report,
Some idle boy had fired in sport!
The very sound—a death-blow came!
And thus her happy heart, that beat
With love and hope, so fast and sweet,
(Shrined in its lily too;
For who the maid that knew,
But owned the delicate flower-like grace
Of her young form and face?)
When first that word
Her light heart heard,
It fluttered like the frightened bird,
Then shut its wings and sighed,
And with a silent shudder—died.

From the Hartford Times.
The Haunts of the Sea-Serpent.
Isle of Shoals, Season of Chowder, 1860.
FRIEND BURR.—In compliance with my promise, (a very unusual thing with me,) I am about to give you a sketch of some of the salient points of a trip slightly down east.

The ride beyond Boston, just now, is a charming one. The country is robed in its utmost beauty. The forest foliage is at its heaviest and darkest. The broad fields have recently been mown, refreshing showers followed, and the after-math has grown finely, so that the eye roams admiringly over an almost limitless reach of

"Nature's own color, intellectual green." The rusling corn is at the rankest, and the potato-fields on the hill-sides are in full blossom. Don't sneer at my allusion to this prosaic vegetable; let me tell you that a dozen acres of potato-vines in blossom is a very pretty sight—and I am thereby reminded of Holme's use of the tuber in illustration of his own case when snubbed by the quidnuncs for making fun of the million, viz.—
"They were for the aurea blossom that unfolds upon the shoot,
As if wisdom's old potato could not flourish at its root!"

My first divergence from the inevitable railroad was to Boar's Head—ominous name! Here is one of the finest beaches on the coast, and a good surf, but, (a tremendously tough fellow is your but) that is all. Four summer hotels are in full blast, on and about the Head, and I stopped at the one which I was informed was the best. If so—but no matter. I think I must have been deceived, and dumped at the wrong house. In the parlor hung a work of art, an oil-painting, whose merits it would take a very crooked pen to describe; but they were of an order similar to those of a picture which adorns and glorifies the wall of your Mr. Bassett's barber shop, to which more particular reference may be had, and thereby save me the labor of an elaborate criticism.

Rye Beach, six miles farther east, is a very nice place for sojourning, especially if you stop at the Atlantic House. Comfort and enjoyment reign supreme, and fashionable frivolity is banished to more pretentious hostilities. The bathing is fine; but as I did not fancy being arrayed in a flannel shirt and woolen continuations, and bathing gregariously, I went down to the beach after nightfall, and had a glorious swim in the surf by moonlight, all by myself, in puris naturalibus.

Among the good things which befell me at the Atlantic, was witnessing the return of a party of gentlemen from a sail on the ocean, who had seen the veritable sea-serpent! Really and truly—its first appearance this season. And it was curious to witness the effect which the frequent repetitions of its size, etc., had upon the listeners, as well as upon the relaters themselves. The more the gentlemen talked, the more devoutly they seemed to believe their own story; and the remarks and shrugs of incredulity bestowed on them by the crowd, did but the more potently confirm them in their asseverations. There was no possibility of mistake—"Sharks! Don't you suppose I know a shark when I see one?" Why, this fellow left a wake as long as—

"How long was he?" asked a small boy.
"I don't know; I couldn't see the end of him."

And so the boy, as well as the rest of us, was left in a state of indefinite doubt, being at liberty to assume that the monster was a mile long, or, indeed, that it was, like the emblem of eternity, without end.

But I am a believer! I go for thesea-serpent, and am down on all incredulous doubters. I never saw a sea-serpent; but now, having seen a man who has seen one, I feel as if I should be justified in about a week in swearing that I saw it myself! Such, O friend, is the time-honored privilege of travellers!

With the rising of the morning breeze, I stepped on board a small boat, dashed through the surf to the packet, which danced at her moorings, sprang on board, and with a fair wind the Prioress stood out to sea, and bore me away from the land of my fathers, and the home of the never-enough-to-be-glorified spread eagle, which, etc., etc. Being the sole passenger—"alone, alone on the wide, wide sea"—I foregathered with the skipper, who informed me, privately and confidentially, that "there wasn't no such a thing as a sea-serpent; they was all horse-mackerels!" Notwithstanding his infidelity, he was a good sailor, and after the appointed number of hours—Providence favoring us—landed me safely here, on Hog Island, one of a cluster of eight which comprise the kingdom known in history books as the Isles of Shoals.

"Hog Island once, but hogs are here no more, And now, instead, they call it Appledore."

The appropriateness of the new name I do not comprehend, unless it be that apples never grew here, but that the door is invitingly open—all the year round—for their admission.

Let us make a tour of observation over and around these two or three hundred sterile acres.

There is but one house on "the premises," and that is the Appledore. The island is a mere mass of rock, rising both abruptly and gradually from the sea; flecked in spots with a scanty soil that is too little to be made light of. The primeval forest consists principally—indeed, I may say entirely—of a stunted growth of huckle-berry bushes. Where there is not soil enough for this sort of timber, cling the modest mosses; and where there is no foothold for them, spreads the bare rock. There are three cows and several sheep resident on the island, who are fenced in with a stone wall, to prevent a too enterprising or homesick one from straying away. How they contrive to pick up a living is more than I know; but I have a shrewd suspicion that their fodder is imported—of course duty free, as the machinery of custom-houses is unknown here.

The fishing off the rocks and in the neighborhood is said to be very fine. Not being much addicted myself to that fascinating sport, I did not venture far, and caught only one "sheep's-head," and that in a very unpleasant state of decay.

On Star Island (another rock a mile to windward) are a number of houses, with fishing-boats at anchor outside the surf below—whereby I infer that the inhabitants are of the order, or tribe, of St. Peter, and derive their sustenance from the same illimitable aquarium that he did. Indeed, I am informed that their daily rations consist of equal proportions of salt fish and (in the vernacular) horse rum.

I am, moreover, told such is the stay-at-home character of the people, that there are full-grown men, born and brought up here, who have never seen a horse nor a tree—and I believe it. The books say that the population is twenty-nine—showing a most reprehensible lack of information on the part of compilers; for I became satisfied, from my own observation, that the number is underestimated by at least one-half!—a proof that but little reliance can be placed on stupid geographers.

The Appledore House is the realization of my idea of the plan of a sea-side hotel. The piazza, to the south and west, being at least forty feet broad, overlooking the sea,—everything overlooks the sea, here—and making capital place to lounge or walk and enjoy the "salt salubrious breeze," without having your face burned and blistered by the too ardent midsummer sun. What a magnificent sight there must be from here after an equinoctial storm!

The very fat and gouty old landlord is

a character. On my arrival, when asked the usual question if he could take care of me, he wheeled slowly round in his arm-chair, gave me a critical look worthy of Captain Cuttle, and replied "he guessed he could, as I seemed to be a Christian!" I suggested a suspension of judgment on that point until after further acquaintance.

I noticed a building on the opposite island that looked as if it might be a church, and inquired of Boniface if there was stated preaching. He said there was "always—in the summer—while strangers were here. There was preaching for the benefit of the community; that is, they always took up a contribution!"

I asked him if the preaching did not inure, also, to the spiritual welfare of the inhabitants?

"Pooh! they don't go; catch 'em at it!"

The longevity of the islanders is said to be remarkable—almost realizing the poetical description of another locality, where the only death that occurred during the year, was said to be one

"Who lived to the age of a hundred and ten, And died of a fall from a cherry-tree then."

But there are no cherry-trees here to fall from, and I suppose the usual mode of final exit is by drowning.

I have been told, that a long time ago, there was a missionary resident here, whose labors among the people were crowned with but little success, and who died and was taken "ashore" and buried, there being no place where a grave could be dug on the island.

A few years since, a zealous minister of the gospel on the mainland was moved with a desire to preach to the barbarians, and of trying to infuse a little spiritual life into their benighted souls. He accordingly sent word that he should come on the following Sunday, and as the saintly edifice was somewhat out of repair, suggested that it be put in order for religious services.

And so he went, and preached with great power and unction. But imagine the worthy man's dismay the following morning, on being presented with a bill of expenses for repairing the church! The reverend gentleman's missionary zeal suddenly subsided; and thus began and ended his labors for christianizing the islanders.

But these are not the kind of people you meet at the Appledore. Here is a house full of people from the great cities of the Union—intelligent and refined men and women, who come to be social and enjoy themselves—and do it. It is a place worth visiting. I was delighted on my arrival, have been pleased while here, and shall leave with regret. But my stay must be brief, as, like the old gentleman who was chased by a bear, I am "somewhat pressed for time."

As I sat on the rocks this afternoon, watching the restless surf, and listening to the sound of its everlasting rush and recoil, the thought would intrude,
"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

The waves of memory will break against the present, and the recoil, like that of the sea, is only to gather fresh force from another encounter.

But the cry from the boat is, "All aboard," and I must stop—and go!

Yours, O. K.

Gen. Washington's Punctuality.

On one occasion, when Washington was sitting for his portrait in Mr. Peale's painting room, he looked at his watch and said—"Mr. Peale, my time for sitting has expired; but if three minutes longer will be of any importance to you, I will remain, and make up the time by hastening my walk up to the State House (where Congress was in session). I know exactly how long it will take me to walk there; and it will not do for me, as President, to be absent at the hour of meeting."

Mrs. Washington was as remarkable for punctuality as her illustrious husband. At one time, during the General's absence, he wrote to her to get Mr. James Peale to paint her portrait in miniature, and to send it to him. Mrs. Washington wrote a note to the artist, saying that her presence at home was indispensable when the General was away, and it would not be convenient for her to attend at his painting room. She requested him, therefore, to come to her house for the sittings, and offered to accommodate herself to any hour when it would suit him to be away from his

studio. In his reply Mr. Peale appointed seven o'clock in the morning. When he left his home to keep the engagement for the first sitting, it occurred to him that the lady might not be quite ready to see him at so early an hour. He walked on accordingly, more slowly than usual. Mrs. Washington met him with the observation, "Mr. Peale, I have been in the kitchen to give my orders for the day; have read the newspaper, and heard my niece her lesson on the harp, yet have waited for you twenty minutes." The gentleman, of course, felt exceedingly mortified, and remarked that, if his engagement had been made with General Washington, he should have felt the importance of being punctual to the minute, but he thought it necessary to allow a lady a little more time. "Sir," replied Mrs. Washington, "I am as punctual as the General." It may be imagined that Mr. Peale took care to be at the house the next day at the time appointed.

How PEOPLE CREATE WHAT THEY SEE IN NATURE.—Four men visited Niagara Falls. One was a preacher of the more lurid type of theology, the second was a mill-owner, the third was a poet, and the fourth was a geologist. What was your impression of it? was asked the clergyman.

"I could only think of the outpouring of God's wrath."

And what was yours, Mr. Utilitarian?

"I thought it a shocking waste of water-power."

And what was yours? was asked the poet.

"It seemed as if a million war-horses were rushing down a precipice, foaming, and with white-flowing manes."

And what was yours, Mr. Geologist?

"I calculated how fast the rock was wearing away, and how long it would take the cataract to travel up to Buffalo."

How REUBEN TODD HAD A "BAD SPELL."—The importance of spelling correctly is seen by the following—especially the necessity of spelling lager beer as it should be. Mr. Todd, wishing a supply of 4th of July beverage, wrote as follows:

Bungville, July 1, 1860.

Mesers. Blotch & Drinker sen me up as soon as possibal a cask of Brandy and one Large Bear for forth of july sen the Bear by express in Haist

REUBEN TODD.

The answer came as follows: Mr. TODD—Dear Sir: We send you to-day one cask of brandy, and the bear, by express as requested. You must be careful that he does not escape, as he is very savage. He cost \$400, and we let you have him for the same. Please forward payment.

BLOTCH & DRINKER.

The consternation of Reuben Todd was complete when the furious animal was landed at his shop door, with a half scared curious crowd around it, and it was only by a sacrifice of the cask of brandy for a keeper, and a couple of trips to New York, that he got rid of the ugly property and learned how to spell lager beer.

IRISH WIT.—A lawyer built himself an office in the form of an hexagon, or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing. They made a full stop, and viewed it critically. The lawyer, somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, lifted up the window, put his head out, and addressed them:

"What do you stand there gazing at my office for; do you think it is a church?"

"Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinking so, till I saw the devil poke his head out of the window."

Sir William Hamilton, in one of his lectures, quotes an anecdote from some one who describes a parson and a fashionable lady looking by turns through a telescope at the moon, to see if it were inhabited.

"Why," said the lady, "do you observe those shadows? They bend towards each other, and I have no doubt, are two happy lovers."

"Nonsense," said the parson; "they are two steeples of a cathedral!"

It is worthy of notice that, while second thoughts are best in matters of judgment, first thoughts are always to be preferred in matters that relate to morality.

Agnes.
BY J. F. COLIN M. SQUIRE.
Sweet Agnes, why ask me to harken
To thoughts that endear me no more?
Why urge me life's shadows to darken,
Though tinted too deeply before?
Though thousands of angels had spoken
In accents as tender as thine,
They would fail to heal hearts that are broken
By passion as holy as mine.

This bosom which trembled and fluttered
O'er the words which a loving one said,
And hung on the accents she uttered,
Now silently beats for the dead.
She sleeps! in my memory dearer,
For death hath drawn closer the spell;
Her spirit, unshackled, is nearer
The God whom she worshipped so well.

Thou, Agnes, with softly combed tresses,
Bedecked in a garment of snow,
As a bride, mid a thousand caresses,
From the home of thy fathers shalt go;
But mine 'tis to wait for the hour
When the church-bell shall solemnly toll,
And Death shall have vanquished the Power
That binds and imprisons my soul.

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.—Under the patronage of Charles II. was established the Royal Society. The king sent one day to the learned body for an explanation of the following remarkable phenomenon: "When a live fish is thrown into a basin of water, the basin, water, and fish do not weigh more than the basin and water before the fish is thrown in; whereas, when a dead fish is employed, the weight of the whole is exactly equal to the added weights of the basin, water, and fish."

This was considered a very curious fact, and the learned Royal Society put their heads together to explain it. Several elaborate papers were read upon the subject. Various theories were broached, but still the question did not seem to be settled, as neither hypothesis was entirely satisfactory. It finally occurred to one of the learned members that it might be well to ascertain whether the fact were so. This raised an angry discussion.

"The fact is notorious," argued one of the members.
"To doubt it would be an insult to his Majesty, and would amount to constructive treason," argued others.

The experiment, however, was made, when, lo! it was found that the fish, whether dead or alive, increased the weight of the basin and water by exactly his own weight.

"The Wise Men of Gotham," as the society was popularly called, were filled with surprise and confusion; but a very important principle began to dawn upon them, not yet universally acknowledged and practised either in science or theology,—that, before you attempt to investigate the *cur sit*, you had better look at the *an sit*; in other words, before you try to explain a thing, find out whether it exists. See Sir W. Hamilton's Lecture on Hypothesis.

TOBACCO FOR BOYS.—A strong and sensible writer administers a wholesome dose for boys who use tobacco in any form, assuring them that tobacco has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys, inducing a dangerous precocity, developing, softening and weakening of the bones, and greatly injuring the spinal marrow, the brain, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who early and frequently smokes, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, never is known to make a man of much energy of character, and generally lacks physical and muscular, as well as mental energy. We would particularly warn boys who want to be any body in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison.

IT LEAKS. A friend, says an exchange, returning from the depot a few mornings since, with a bottle of freshly imported Maine Law, saw a young lady whom he must inevitably join. So putting the bottle under his arm, he safely walked alongside. "Well," said the young lady, after disposing of health and weather, "what is that under your arm?" from which she discovered a dark liquid dropping.

"O, nothing but a coat the tailor has been mending for me."

"O, it's a coat, is it? Well, you'd better carry it back and get him to sew up one hole more—it leaks."

After breakfast, work awhile; after dinner, sit awhile; after supper, walk a mile.

A QUERY.—Why was the "great fish" that swallowed Jonah like milkmen?

Because he took a great profit (Prophet) out of the water.

The Norway lumbermen, it is said have a convenient and unique manner of keeping accounts, decidedly original in style. The book-keeper, after comparing accounts with the workman, sends him to the cashier for his wages, with the amount due to him chalked on his back; and when the cashier has paid him, he takes his receipt himself by brushing off his chalk marks.

HAPPY FOLKS.—A child with a rattle—a schoolboy on a holiday—two lovers walking by moonlight—and a boy sucking cider through a straw.

A lady being asked the place of her nativity, replied:

"I am so unfortunate as to have no native place; I am the daughter of a Methodist clergyman."

A man, on being upbraided for his cowardice, said that he had as bold a heart as any one, but his cowardly legs ran away with it!

An editor, recording the career of a mad dog, says:—"We are grieved to say that the rabid animal, before it could be killed, severely bit Dr. Hart and several other dogs."

CHINESE WASHING.—Rev. T. S. King writes to the Boston Transcript the following description of Gee Sing, a washer and ironer, whose sign hangs opposite his hotel, in San Francisco:

"My wife on the day after our arrival here, which was Sunday, was greatly interested, as she sat at the window, weak from sea sickness, in watching the operations of Gee Sing, who was busy at his task as if Moses had never lived, and Leviticus were unknown in literature. First, he marvelled at the instrument with which he ironed. It seemed to be a small furnace, and now and then he would fill it with coals, and heat it up. She thought the irons must be hidden within it; but the door of his house was open, and she could distinctly see that he did not remove anything from it when he took it from the sidewalk, but applied it directly to the waiting garment. And then, she noticed that at intervals of a minute, he bowed his head over a bowl placed near a window. What was that for? He could not be thirsty for the day was cool, and surely he would not drink once a minute. It could not be liquor, for he would soon be intoxicated. Possibly it was a devotional movement; but Sunday is not a sacred day with the Chinese, and there was no Jose visible to invite or account for the salaams.

Feminine curiosity was never more sorely tried and balked in accounting for the long queued disciple of Confucius. For three days she asked every visitor the explanation, until at last she was informed that a Chinaman sprinkles his clothes by sucking a mouth full of water, and squirting it over the garments through his closed teeth. And those who have witnessed the process, say that the manner in which water issues from the Mongolian incisors as a fine mist, has a charm akin to poetry. I state the fact for the benefit of all honest housekeepers who may like to be posted in the latest inventions.

GALLAUDET GUIDE AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION FOR 1861.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF MUTES, encouraged by the favor with which its organ has been received the past year, have determined to continue its publication.

The GALLAUDET GUIDE AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION will commence a new volume, (Vol. 2.) January, 1861, in an enlarged and greatly improved form. (30 x 22 inches) printed on superior paper, with good type and containing twenty-four columns of reading matter, devoted as heretofore to General News, Religion, Literature, Mechanics' Arts, Science, &c., but more particularly to news matters and things relating to the Deaf and Dumb.

It will have a new heading, adorned with portraits of Gallaudet and Clerc. The enlargement puts the Association to a considerable outlay and it is therefore hoped that all interested in this peculiar class of people for whose benefit the paper is intended, will exert themselves to LARGELY increase the subscription list.

Its establishment on a sure and permanent basis is a desideratum.

The Gallaudet Guide and Deaf Mute's Companion will contain a large amount of matter of interest to the people at large. By becoming subscribers, ladies and gentlemen will not only be receiving in return their money's worth, but will be aiding also in a worthy and deserving cause.

It is hoped that all who have kept us company the year past will continue to do so for the year to come.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

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All communications intended for insertion in the journal should be addressed to AMOS SMITH, Jr., Esq., Registry of Deeds, Boston, Mass.

GEO. HOMER, SAMUEL ROWE, } Ex. Com. WM. K. CHASE.